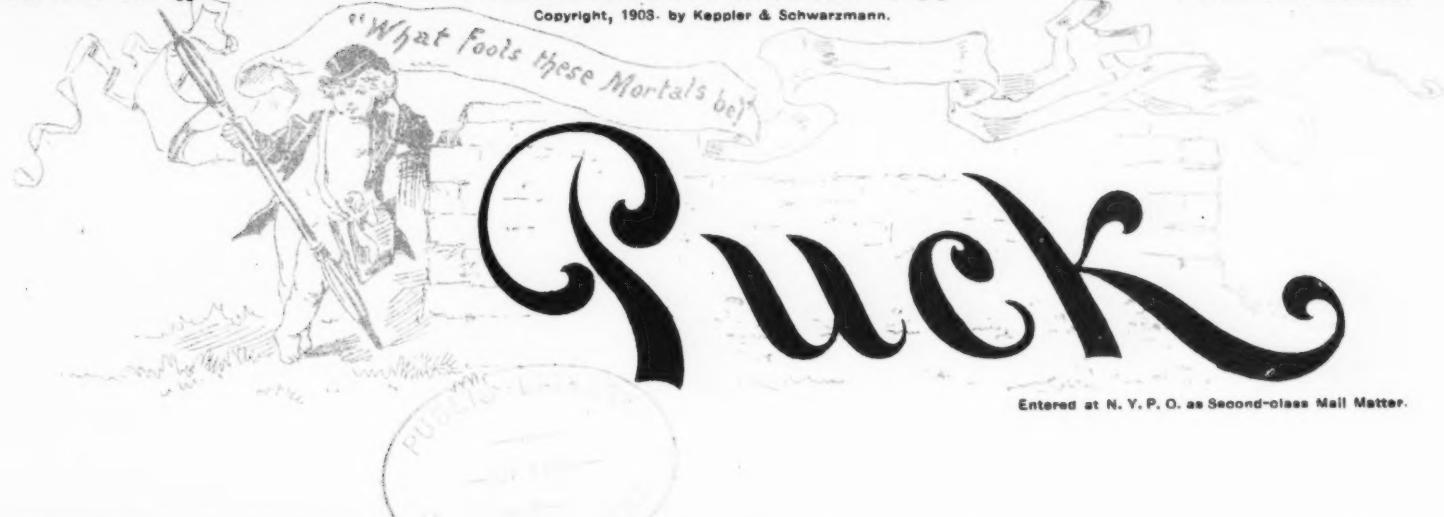


VOL. LIV. No. 1390.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, October 21, 1903.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

ETHEL.—He has promised to give me every dollar he earns!

PAPA.—Better make him promise to give you every dollar he gets. He has a political job, you know!



IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Your Majesty," said the Grand Vizier, "is it proper to say the Balkans is or the Balkans are?"

"I say," thundered the Sultan, "the Balkans be—"

But his further remarks, of course, were unfit for publication.



A LA TARIFF REVISION.

UNCLE JOSH.—There's been quite a few scandals in the departments of the Gover'ment, and that's a fact.

UNCLE SILAS.—Yesiree! I hope we won't have the Republi-cans pleadin' that the scandals ought to be investigated by their friends.

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

CALEB.—I suppose there'll be a big traffic goin' through the Isthmus Canal when it's built.

EZRA.—Of course. It'll be no time till they'll be devisin' means to relieve the canal crush.

FORTUNATELY for the protected industries, there are two kinds of extortion—legal and illegal.

EDITORS are not, as a rule, creators; it takes them all their time to keep the creators from making asses of themselves.



WHO KNOWS?

FARMER STUNHEDGE.—You'd be a lot better off if you had lived decent and stuck to a steady job.

NEXT-HOUSE NOONAN.—Well, now, yer can't tell. I might be worryin' about undigested securities.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

THE bachelor maid, she said, Oh, no!
The swains might come and the swains
might go,
But *she* would n't change the status quo
For a wedding ring and a swell trousseau!
And the bachelor man, he often spoke
In scornful fashion of Hymen's yoke;
Said liberty was too great a boon
To be thrown away on a honeymoon.

And—

Mendelssohn's was the march they played
When the bachelor maid, in white arrayed,
Walked down the aisle, a blushing bride.
While the bachelor man walked by her side.
And loud was the praise of the rich trousseau—
And that was the end of the status quo.

Wm. E. McKenna.



KINDLY MEANT.

THE AUTO TOURIST.—It seems to be a pretty country around here.

THE LANDLADY.—Aye, sir. You should come without your auto some time, so you'd ave a chance to look at it.

PUCK



THE REAL THING.

DOROTHY.—So the angels brought your new baby from heaven?

ETHEL.—Yeth; but Ma theems to think juth ath much of him ath if they had brought him from London or Paris!

THE POWER OF MONEY.

A woman entered a Tea Room and took a seat at a table.

"A cup of tea," she said.

The waiter stared incredulously.

"Beg pardon?"

"A cup of tea," repeated the woman.

The waiter went over and whispered to the proprietor, who started violently. Then the waiter came back to the woman and said they were sorry, but—

"I can pay," said the woman, impatiently, and threw a twenty dollar gold piece on the table.

Half an hour later, she was served with some tea, in an absinthe glass.

MORAL: Money will do anything.

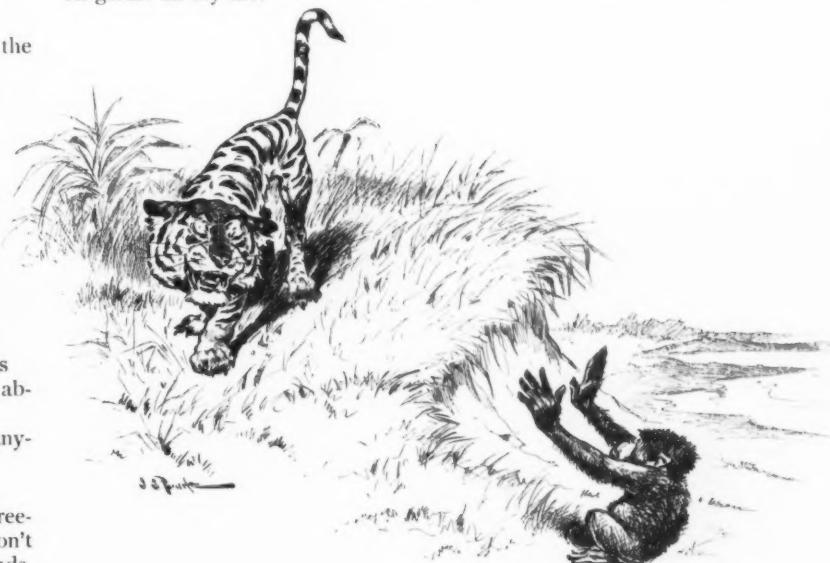
THERE ARE SO many disagreeable people who simply won't heap coals of fire on our heads.

BEWARE of threats! People may not pay any attention to them, and then you are left in an embarrassing position.

LOOKED THAT WAY.

JAGGLES.—I see you have been reading the report of the Government food experts.

WAGGLES.—Yes, and as near as I can figure I've been living on germs all my life.



HOPELESS.

THE MONKEY.—Keep away, my friend, if only for your children's sake! I'm suffering from the measles!

THE TIGER.—You have my sympathy, sonny, but I happen to be a gay old bachelor.

It is an easy progress from telling white lies to lying in all the fashionable shades.



PUCK

THE POSTAL PICTURE-CARD.



H, POSTAL picture-card !
May fame be your reward;
The wide and sudden good bestowed by you
How can we understand,
How predicate the grand
Helpful far-reaching good you yet may do ?

Labor of pen and ink,
Also of brain, to think
A letter out, address and stamp and mail;
All this with one swift swoop
You sweep aside—and whoop!
Behold—a substitute that can not fail.

First, you 're a friendly thought;
Next, you 're a message, fraught
With dear remembrance, cheer, and kindly hope;—
Your arts a go-between
From scene to distant scene
A sort a-wandering, sweet kinetoscope !

You picture each far place
With truer, clearer grace
Than could our scribbling efforts, at their best;—
Strange seas and foreign skies
You bring to waiting eyes,
Cascade, and glade, and snowy mountain crest.

You set cathedral tower,
Desert, and vineland bower,
Camels, and tombs, and courts of kingly state,
Villagers quaffing wine,
Boats on the sunny Rhine,
Ruins of Rome—beside a breakfast plate !

Hail to you—hail ! For so
Pencil and pad may go—
You hear us, cheering loud, a-cheering hard,
Because, beyond all ken,
'T is men, yes, — grateful MEN,
That are your debtors, postal picture-card ! *Madeline Bridges.*

A THEORY.

"But," said the perplexed stockholder, "how is it possible that the stock sells so low while the company continues to pay such handsome dividends?"

"Blest if I know," said his friend. "May be the public is getting so nervous that it considers the payment of dividends as reckless extravagance."

AN ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY.



While paying a visit Mr. Porcupine reclines on some
handsome cushions —



IN THE DARK.

"If Monsieur will make his selections—" "Make my selections? It's like picking a winner at the race-track—and I don't know anything about the past performances of these French dishes, either!"

INEXTINGUISHABLE.

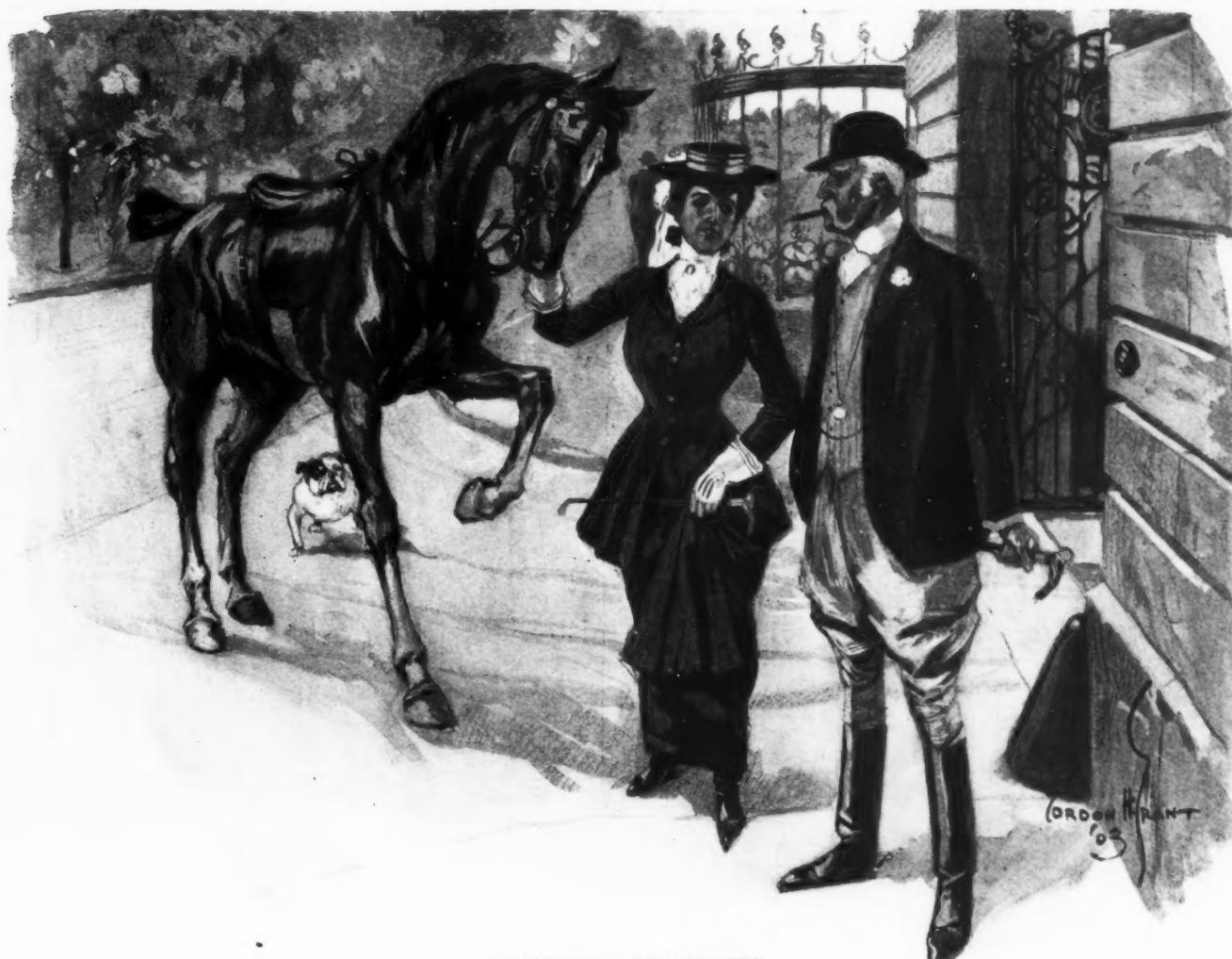
When, in answer to his call, the fire department had come, the old man pointed to the parlor and said, with emotion:

"Put it out!"

But at once they entered the apartment, they were met by a beautiful young girl, who with seeming candor assured them that the fellow was in no sense a flame; merely a gentleman friend.



which, on leaving, he takes with him.



UNKNOWN QUANTITIES.

SHE.—But you can never tell how a horse will turn out.
HER PAPA.—No, my dear. Horses are like husbands: very uncertain

MRS. KASHAW'S PRECAUTION.

EARLY THIS year the Kashaws organized themselves into a committee on ways and means, and, after arguing and discussing, proposing and rejecting, pondering and scheming, and figuring and fussing for four or five months, they at length decided they could afford a short trip to Europe. Then began Mrs. Kashaw's real labors. She was in a fever of preparation from that moment. She read up all the details she could find about the journey, she held lengthy consultations with her friends who had ever made it, or thought of making it, and even made up with her dearest enemy because that lady had once seen some friends off on a similar trip, and she collected hints, suggestions, and facts with the avidity of a sparrow busy on a square meal. But at last the great day of departure came. The cab to take them to the station stood waiting at the door, and Mr. Kashaw incautiously essayed to carry his wife's traveling bag out to it.

"Great Columbus! Martha, what have you got this anchored with?" he grunted, struggling to lift it from the floor.

"Why, is it very heavy?" asked Mrs. Kashaw, solicitously.

"Well, yes, Martha," retorted Mr. Kashaw, staggering down the steps under its weight. "Yes, my love, to be perfectly sincere with you, it is heavy, very heavy. Ouch! Gracious!" he added, with a gasp, as the weight, combined with a slight misstep, swung him violently against the railing.

"Hum-m-m-m," considered Mrs. Kashaw, unnoting his sarcasm in the earnestness of her efforts to recall the particularly ponderable object she had packed into the bag. "Oh, I know!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Why, James, it must be the demijohn of water."

Mr. Kashaw gently set the bag down upon the pavement, then he carefully seated himself upon one corner of it, next he slowly

produced his handkerchief and mopped his streaming forehead, and all the time he was solemnly staring at his wife.

"The demijohn of water!" he said, at length. "The—demijohn—of—water! Real, wet, liquid water?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Kashaw, impatiently.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Kashaw, still regarding his wife with great earnestness, "if I swear by all I hold sacred that no torture will ever wring it from me, will you kindly whisper in my ear why you are taking a demijohn of water to sea with you? Is it because you fear the ocean is not damp enough for your amphibious habits?"

"But this is drinking water from the old Indian spring up on the hill out at mother's," explained Mrs. Kashaw, in a tone which implied that that cleared up the mystery completely.

"Exactly," assented Mr. Kashaw, nodding his head sagely. "But why are you going to moisten the dry and arid ocean with a whole demijohnful of water, drinking water, too, from the old Indian spring up on the hill out at mother's? Do you not know that willful waste makes woful want?"

"Don't be silly, James," admonished Mrs. Kashaw. "It's for France, of course."

"Oh, certainly; of course it's for France, pardon my obtuseness," said Mr. Kashaw, with excessive politeness. "But—er—would you be greatly inconvenienced, my love, if I humbly persisted in asking you to reveal to one who is yours till death do us part the dreadful grudge that impels you to inundate that fair and sunny land with a whole demijohnful of water, even if it is from the old Indian spring up on the hill out at mother's?"

"It's for our own use, of course," explained Mrs. Kashaw, impatiently. "Everybody says it is almost impossible to get any water over there that's fit to drink, and I'm not going to have you spend your money for wine, besides running the risk of becoming addicted to its use."

Alex. Ricketts.

PUCK



PEERING INTO THE FUTURE.

THE SNOB (*testily*).—I don't wish to converse with you, sir! You're not in my set, don't you know.

THE OTHER.—Oh, I don't know! I don't think you'll occupy a more prominent position in a fur-lined coat than I will!

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

(*Being a chapter from an unpublished historical novel.*)

THE WARRIOR's brow was clouded.

"These be serious tidings!" he observed, turning again to his companion, whose dust-covered clothes indicated a long and arduous journey. "Thou sayest that the advancing foe outnumbers us two to one?"

"Ay. If we stand, methinks they will wipe the floor with us!"

"Even so. Then must we retreat."

"But to retreat were to be disgraced. Dost remember our campaign predictions ere we went forth to battle?"

"Ay. There's the rub! And the leader wrinkled his brows.

May be it did him some good. At any rate, his countenance presently brightened and he smote the table a mighty blow with his fist, as he exclaimed: "I have it!"

"A plan of battle?"

"Nay. An excuse for retreating. In our official report we shall say that there was not glory enough in whipping the enemy when they outnumbered us merely two to one; we retreated to draw them on; and we await an opportunity to whip them three to one!"

And preparations were made to evacuate the place without further delay.

Wm. E. McKenna.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

BREEZY HEDGES.—Yes, lady—I'm a plumber looking fer a job!

MRS. HANDOUT.—But where are your tools?

BREEZY HEDGES.—Tools, Mum? Why, a plumber always has ter go back after dem, you know!

A girl can dress on \$4 a week and be as pretty as any of them, especially if she earns the \$4 herself.

EXPECTED.

"Did they buhn the nigger at the stake, suh?"

"No, suh. Hanged him."

"I expected it, suh. As soon as I was told who had the affaih in charge, suh, I said: It'll be a meah whitewash, suh!"

WHY HE COMPLAINED.

"Moses vos kicking apoud dot shoelaces peezness."

"Vot's der matter? He vos making more money as he efer did in der oldt country."

"Yes; but he vos getting used to it."

HIS COMMENT.

Deacon Adoniram Sprawl, good and upright old man—albeit he may have been just a trifle rectangular in his younger days—was driving slowly toward town with a load of produce, not dreaming that there was an aeronaut within a thousand miles of him. Suddenly, with a whish of his apparatus and a yell of warning, the gentleman from the greatest show on earth came rushing down through space and landed astride of old Dobbin's neck. No damage was done, except to the Deacon's accustomed placidity.



"Well! Well!" he ejaculated, in surprise.

"That beats—er-er—what General Sherman said war was; gullummed if it don't!"

PASTORAL.

They were casting about for something appropriate to inscribe on the tomb of the pastor called hence after a service of many years.

"He giveth his beloved sleep," is beautiful," suggested Sister Brown.

"Yes; but have we any right to suppose that he preaches where he is now?" objected Deacon Jones.

HAND-MADE.

They simply held each other's hand,
And not a word they said,—
Yet all the while were making love
Of the very finest grade.

REASONABLE.

FLIPPER.—Why does he object to his wife going out alone in her auto?

FLAPPER.—Because he can't see how one unmanageable thing can manage another.

HER IDEA.

BELLE.—My husband insists that I drove him to drink.

LENA.—Well, what are you going to do about it?

BELLE.—I think something of getting a divorce and marrying him again to reform him.

VAPORING sometimes serves to fog the issue.

A REVERSE is where you turn your money over the wrong way.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

TO THE RESCUE OF THE TRUST. IN THE maze of talk about a British tariff, scarcely a word of compassion has been said for the American Trust. It has been as if the American Trust was a disinterested observer, a flippant spectator merely, of the momentous drama over seas. And yet, it takes no vast amount of thinking to see how deeply concerned the Trust really is in the outcome, in the possible triumph of the Chamberlain project. At present, with a free trade England and a faithful tariff here, the Trust can afford the most reckless price-cutting in British markets, to the undoubted detriment of the competing parties and the inevitable embarrassment of their affairs. But duties levied and retaliation begun, the prestige of the Trust would be seriously endangered. Continued low prices, in the face of a prohibitive tariff and protected British competitors, would be clearly inexpedient, except with philanthropic motives. And as philanthropy is not its object, new and grave conditions would confront the Trust abroad. Unless it could still undersell its British rivals, it would soon cease to have customers. While if it did undersell them, after paying prohibitive duties, it would obviously give goods away; which is a policy quite inconsistent with the best business methods. Plainly, it is no triviality which threatens the Trust, but a genuine menace. And the only means to relief, apparently, is through the American consumer. The latter pays now high prices for certain commodities in order that the exporting Trust may sell the same things cheaper in foreign markets and suffer no depletion in its annual profit sheet. Had Dingley schedules been reduced and only fair prices paid by the public here, the exporting Trust would never have been able so to capture British trade and to bring dismay to British manufacturers. The earnings at home, in other words, would never have warranted such a general underselling in the other country. Therefore, having so far accommodated the Trust, the loyal consumer may again offer his services, and his money, should the Trust's profit column be imperiled by the Chamberlain plan. It is purely a matter of persuasion. And if proper arguments are used and the good, old references made to pauper labor, the sacred welfare of the small dealer and the need of safeguarding the American workingman, a grateful public, doubtless, might sanction a still higher tariff wall about the United States. Then would the path of the Trust be one of thornless roses, indeed. It could, in truth, turn philanthropist abroad and yet get enough from the American consumer to make foreign losses look like profits. It might even put something by for a rainy day. Thereupon, its British rival would be permanently humbled. And as for the American consumer, he might once more proudly boast of his country's trade supremacy.

AS TO OUR MR. GROUT. FOR THE past few weeks, in local politics, Edward M. Grout has been tolerably prominent. First, on the Fusion ticket. Next, on two tickets. Then on only one, that of Tammany Hail. He declared emphatically, more-

over, that he would support in every way he "fairly" could, George B. McClellan for Mayor; which promise, we presume, Mr. Grout is endeavoring to keep. Whether or no to keep it is difficult depends wholly on Mr. Grout's conception of "fairly." "In every way I fairly can," was the way he pledged support to his Tammany running-mate. So the campaign in progress, if it does nothing else, will determine how far a reformer may go in working for the election of corruption's chief candidate. It was, and is, an occasion for cool judgment. As long as Mr. Grout, seeking votes, stood upon his record as controller, he stood upon a rock. As controller, he was honest, efficient and faithful. But in widening his sphere and openly supporting McClellan, Mr. Grout departed from his private Gibraltar and stepped to quicksand. There were no paens of public affirmation when he said that Tammany, since 1901, had purged itself of the evils then in it. If such a purging took place, it was carried on by stealth. No one else has noticed it. And Mr. Grout, seeking votes, will gain none by repeating it. As to supporting McClellan in the ways he fairly can, the importance of the adverb is such as to require a detailed explaining. Can he support him "fairly" as the choice of Richard Croker, which he is, with all that choice implies? Can he support him "fairly" as the puppet through which, should he be elected, Tammany will appoint a set of grafters and incompetents as department heads? With excellent chances for another Ramapo, such as Mr. Grout himself fought? Can he support him "fairly" as the signal, plain as a starter's pistol, that the cadet system and Deveryism are again free to flourish on the East Side? Dock Board, Health Board, Charities, Police, Street Cleaning spoils-men—can he support McClellan "fairly" as the forerunner of these? If he can, he has at last found his level and introduced us to a new and vastly unedifying Mr. Grout. His record as controller speaks for itself, but his record in this campaign is wholly devoid of forensic ability.

A POINT OF MORALS.

The hero of the novel left his wife dissolved in tears.
Returning, presently, he found her quite absorbed.
But was he morally justified in marrying again?

EVEN THE Negro Problem is not without its Negro in the fence.



THE PROVOKING WRETCH.

"Why does Amelia hate Cholly so?"
"Why, when she told him she could never learn to love him, he insisted that one was never too old to learn."

PUCK



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REGULARS AND IRREGULARS—BUT ALL ARRANGED

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TUCK



ALL ARRAYED AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY.

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PUCK

THE CALL OF THE TAME.

BY JACK LIVERPOOL, SOLE LESSEE OF ALL ARCTIC LITERARY ATMOSPHERE.

CHAPTER I.

HUCK was a ferocious toy terrier that tipped the beams at fourteen ounces. His earliest recollections were of a sunny California home among the poppy fields, where the opium comes from.

One beautiful day, however, Chuck was stolen by a cross-eyed hostler and sold to a French-Canadian named Pierre (all French-Canadians are named Pierre, just as all Pullman porters are named George). Pierre took Chuck to the Klondike. Chuck acted like a fiend during the entire trip, having gory fights with all the deck hands, and even eating the ship's binnacle and making the vessel go several hundred miles out of its course. He was finally subdued by hunger, and when he was put off the ship at Jagway he could do no more than chew the tip off one of Pierre's ears.

"Sacre!" exclaimed Pierre, after the manner of all French-Canadians in fiction, "there nevar was such a bloodtirsty devil as dat dog, Chuck."

CHAPTER II.

After a light lunch of canned salmon labels, Chuck started out to show the dogs of Jagway how to fight. The first one to engage his attention was a huge sled dog named Skookum. This dog was the champion fighter of Jagway, but Chuck had seen Jim and Jeff go at 'Frisco, and he was prepared to give the untutored Alaska howlers a few lessons in science. So at the first rush he neatly sidestepped and caught Skookum by the tail. He swung the big sled dog in a circle several times about his head, and then brought him down with savage force on a block of ice. The dog lay stunned, and then Chuck charged upon some two hundred Indian dogs that had congregated to witness the battle, and incapacitated enough to start a dog hospital.

"I want that wonderful dog!" growled a grizzled miner who had seen the combat; and he shook an XXX floursack of gold-dust into the blankets of Pierre and strode away with the proud and happy Chuck at his heels.

CHAPTER III.

Chuck's new master had the toy terrier fighting everything in the dog line in Alaska, fight, and Chuck sighed for bigger game to conquer. One day, when in a boasting mood, Chuck's master bet that his terrier would outpull a twelve-horse-power automobile.

"Done!" shrieked a wealthy Klondiker who owned a gasoline-wagon. "I'll bet my auto against your dog that the machine can't be budged, and I'll make a side bet of three cans of tomatoes and one can of corn that you lose."

Chuck's master turned pale, as canned goods were scarcer than paper money in the Klondike. Besides, he might lose Chuck, his beautiful Chuck, who could shed blood like the hero of a historical romance!

But Chuck's owner was game, and he wagered his corn and tomatoes, and even managed to scrape up a can of sardines, besides.

All Jagway assembled to see the pulling contest. But it was really quite onesided,

as Chuck not only pulled the automobile backward but ran so fast with it that the machine got a hot box and ignited the gasoline tank, blowing up with a report like an exploded gold camp.

Chuck's owner collected his riches and then tucked the dog in his pocket.

"Come," he said, "we must hike to the wilderness, my wonderful dog."

CHAPTER IV.

Chuck spent an eventful life in the wilds with his master. He got acquainted with all the wild creatures of the Arctic circle and even learned to kill after the manner of his primeval ancestors, the Pipeyats.

Once he killed a huge Polar bear. His method of doing this consisted in pulling the bear's tail every time she tried to eat. Thus eventually the animal starved to death. But this bloodless method of killing was not to Chuck's taste. He sprang at the throat of a fierce three-horned Salamis,

and killed the animal after a fearful struggle. The club-footed Angeline was then tackled and overthrown after a fight that lasted from one moon to another. On returning to camp Chuck found that the tribe of Fakemup Indians had slain his master.

Chuck pursued the war party and slew them all before they could shoot him.

Then, with no bond of human sympathy calling him back, the terrible toy terrier of the Arctic circle plunged into the heart of the wilderness to live his life as his ancestors had lived it. He started north to find the last living mastodon and to slay it as he had slain the Puyallup, the Sno-komish and the fierce Walla Walla.

Thus we must leave him, hotfooting over the ice-packs and slaughtering everything that comes in his path. Who knows but that some day Chuck, the dream-dog of Arctic fiction, will chew down the North Pole and curl up to sleep in the Aurora Borealis!

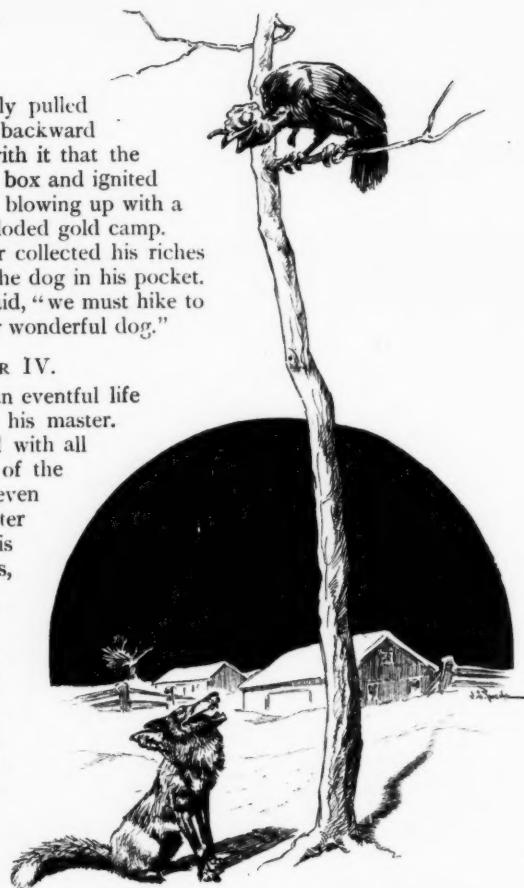
Arthur Chapman.



A POINTED QUERY.

SHE.—I might have married a foreign nobleman!

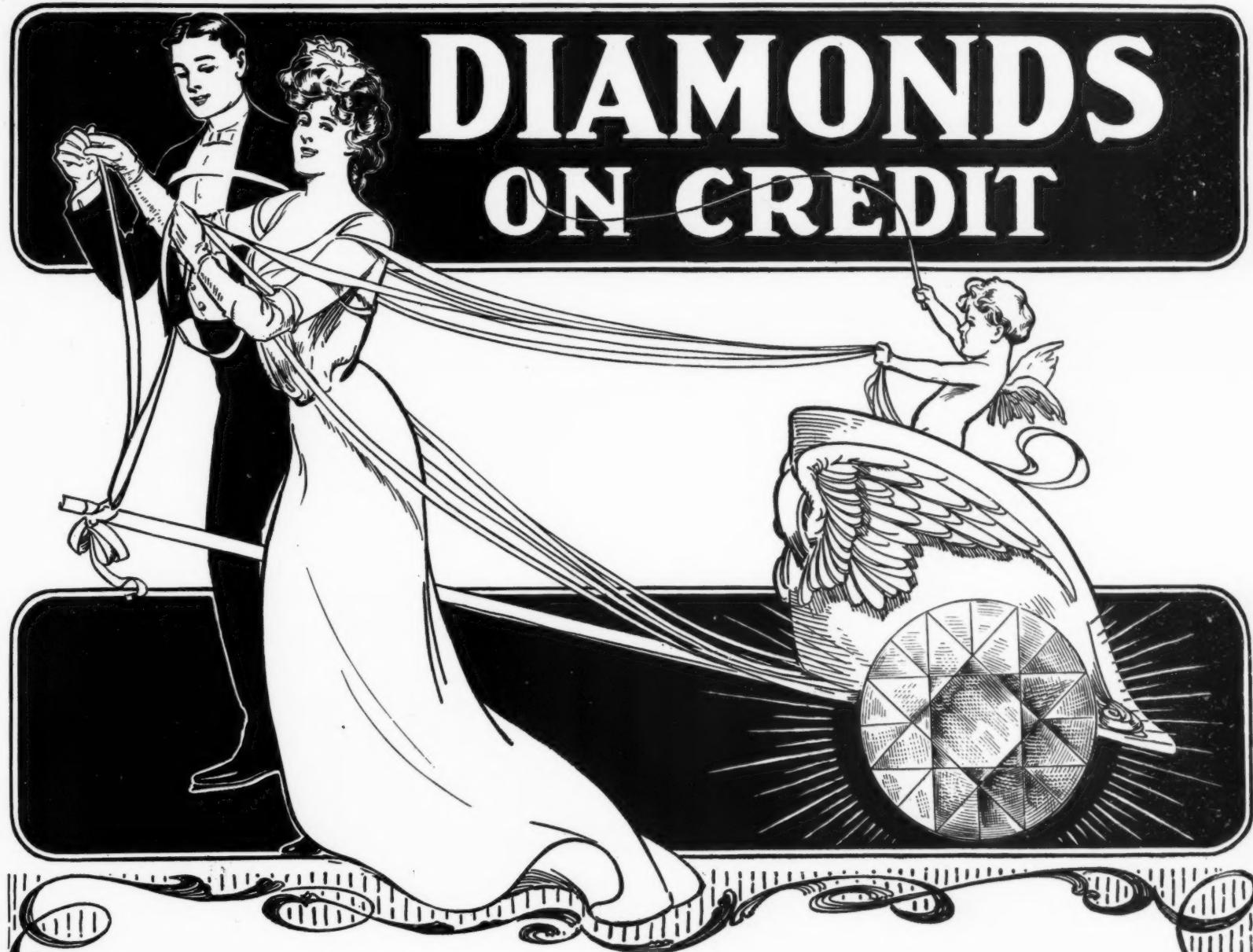
HE.—That so;—who did pay his debts?



DURING THE CONVERSATION.

THE FOX.—I can stand this as long as you can.
THE TURKEY.—I don't think so. You're so hungry that you'll soon starve to death, while I'm so nervous that I could n't eat a blessed thing if I had it.

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York.



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tite and stimulates the digestion.
Ask your dealer for MCILHENNY'S Ta-
basco, the original and best.
MCILHENNY'S TABASCO, New Iberia, La.

PRACTICAL WOMAN.

JACKSON TRAYS.—My wife found a
half dozen poker chips in my pocket
this morning.

SEVERN SUPP.—Whew! What did
she say?

JACKSON TRAYS.—Lectured me on
my carelessness in not having cashed
them in.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SOME men think they are saints be-
cause they are select in their sins.—*Ram's Horn*.

"DEV 's cotton enough ter pay off
de mortgage," said the colored philoso-
pher, "en mortgage enough ter make
me wish I wuz wid de res' er my folks
—in de lunatic asylum!"—*Atlanta
Constitution*.



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WELSBACHS. See that
the mantle you buy has
the *Shield of Quality*
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That's All!

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CATERING TO DAME FASHION.

MAN DRESSMAKER.—Well, what now?
APPRENTICE.—I have discovered a way to make a woman's dress so that
she will look like a hump-backed baboon with bat's wings.

MAN DRESSMAKER.—Clorious! It will become the rage.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

WHY HE BROUGHT SUIT.

"Dey tells me Br'er Johnson is suin' de preacher in jecture court?"
"Dat so?"
"Yes; lost his razor whilst dey wuz a-baptizin' of him, en could n't go ter
de strawberry party."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HE.—And does your doctor employ up-to-date methods.
SHE.—Oh, yes; he gives trading stamps.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

ESTABLISHED 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

NATURAL WHISKEY

"BOTTLED IN BOND"

DIRECT FROM THE BARREL UNDER
U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION AND REGULATIONS.

The Whiskey must be at least four years old.
Each cork is sealed with U. S. Stamp stating
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Every bottle contains full measure.

DEMAND OLD OVERHOLT RYE ASK FOR

"Bottled in Bond."

THE DIFFERENCE
AS HE SAW IT.

"What is the difference between a
violinist and a fiddler?"

"The difference,"
answered the concert
manager, "is enormous;
anywhere from five hundred to
five thousand dollars
a week."—*Washington Star*.

WORTHY of note is this—from a colored
philosopher: "I lets de clouds do all my
weepin', en de winds all my sighin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BILL.—I see that
beautiful palm tree
has been scratched.

JILL.—Perhaps it
was one of those
"itching palms" we
hear about.—*Yonkers
Statesman*.

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and

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From Chicago

Three Through Trains Daily

Equipment of these
trains is of the high-
est class.

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UNION PACIFIC
Omaha, Neb.

A SENSE OF WRONG.

"What did you tell yoh boss when
he foun' out yoh was wearin' his
clothes?"

"I done reproved
him fo' his lack of
appreciation. I rem-
inded him dat imitation
were the sincerest flattery."—*Washington Star*.

EVERY possessor
of light is a debtor
to those who sit in
the dark.—*Ram's
Horn*.

MRS. CHURCH.—
Do you enjoy going
to the theatre?

MRS. GOTTHAM.—
No, I can't say that
I do; the cars are so
frightfully crowded,
don't you know. But
I always enjoy it
after I get there.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

VERY DULL.

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office,"
said the young lawyer. "You may re-
member that you saw me buying an
alarm clock the other day."

"Yes," replied his friend. "You
have to get up early these mornings,
eh?"

"Oh, no. I use it to wake me up
when it's time to go home."—*Philadelphia Press*.

PATIENCE.—What is the rush over
there at that shoe store?

PATRICE.—A marked down sale;
all the No. 4 shoes are marked down
to No. 3.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"WHAT IS your chief type of beauty,
Mr. Corntassle?" asked the Summer
boarder, derisively.

"Well, I've been always partial to
the tintype," rejoined the farmer, with
just a semblance of a wink.—*Yonkers
Herald*.

A Little Tonic Now and Then

Is required by some and relished by all. Try Dr.
Sieger's Angostura Bitters.

A DIAMOND
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Send that amount in
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They are all heavy gold
filled, warranted to
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set with brilliant
stones.

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diamonds and so nearly
do they resemble
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Orders filled imme-
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Send for complete
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Pabst Blue Ribbon



Dear beer to brew, and good beer to buy—for it costs no more than inferior beers. It is the Beer of Quality—your beer.

"MY SUMMER vacation has braced me up; made me quite an athlete," said the tragedian. "It is just what I needed for the exacting season before me this Winter."

"I suppose," replied the critic, "you do need a lot of training to be a long-distance walker."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

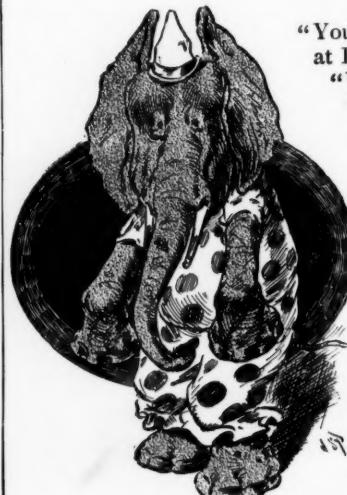


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BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



HE STUCK TO IT.

"You ought to see th' hyena out to th' zoo laughin' at Pa's new hat."

"Why, hyenas always laugh."
"Do they? Well, I'll bet this one laughed harder."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HE OBJECTED.

FIRST ELEPHANT.—How does Tusks like to be a circus elephant?

SECOND ELEPHANT.—Well, he doesn't mind being a circus elephant, but he complains that sometimes they make a monkey of him.

"IT DIDN'T take Edith long to land the duke."

"Oh, no. You recall the old saying, 'Short duke, soon married.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

SHE.—Do you believe in incarnation?

HE.—I certainly do. Why, that motor-car of mine is just stubborn enough to have been somebody's wife in another world.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

TOMMIE (*after the baby has been crying*).—Do you believe that babies go to heaven when they die, Pop?

POP.—Yes, my son.
TOMMIE.—Well, why are people so anxious to go there, then?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Health of body and strength of mind are represented in Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.

A PERMANENT ATTRACTION.

CLARA.—Are you not afraid that some one will marry you for your money?

DORA.—I would rather be married for money than for beauty.

"Of all things! Why?"

"Beauty fades, but money can be kept at interest."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

MEN WHO would scorn a thief in the penitentiary fawn on him in the legislature.—*Ram's Horn*.

CANDOR.

The candid woman
Never shrinks
From saying what
She thinks she thinks.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

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SAFETY IN NUMBERS.
 'T is better in your haste to state
 "All men are liars" than
 To pick out one and designate
 That fellow as the man.
 —*Philadelphia Press.*

PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

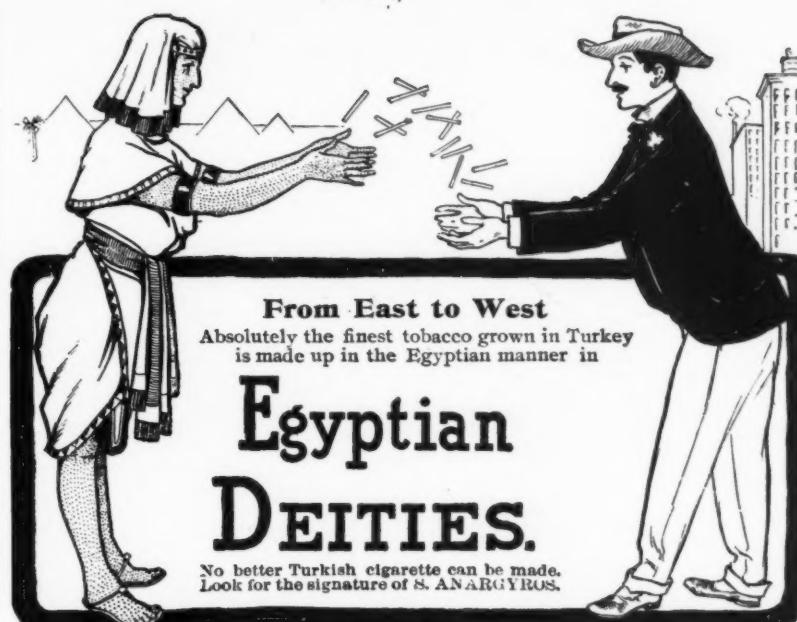
"He's gone now," said the Billville citizen, "but Providence wuz on his side to the last!"

"You don't say!"

"Gospel truth, sir. Lightnin' killed his best mule, jest two minutes 'fore the sheriff come to levy on it; an' he died a nat'r'al death three days 'fore the Vigilance Committee come to lynch him!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Do you have any trouble supporting your family, Sambo?"

"No, indeedy; why, boss, I's got one of de best wifes in dis 'ere town."—*Yonkers Statesman.*



Try a glass of Evans' Ale with a cut of Roast Beef or tender Chop



All Restaurants, Hotels, Oyster and Chop Houses

MRS. BROWNE.—And how is that pretty young widow? Is she reconciled to her loss yet?

MRS. MALAPROP.—No, she ain't exactly reconciled yet, but they do say she's got the man picked out.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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PUCK, NEW YORK.

SOME DAY we hope we will be rich enough to build a house with a staircase in it that does n't squeak.—*Washington Democrat.*

WHAT WOULD N'T you give for an appetite like a country boy's relish for bologna sausage?—*Washington Democrat.*



WORSE YET.

"There goes Tom Rakeoff. He used to drink whiskey, smoke strong cigars and talk horse."

"Did his wife reform him?"

"No; he's worse than ever. Now he drinks high-balls, smokes cigarettes and talks golf."



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MR. GIFFHORN'S MISTAKE.

"Why have n't you called on us lately, Mr. Giffhorn?"

"Well, Miss Laura, I—I walked up your way one night, and—and I was going in, but I did n't go in because I—I saw a man's shadow on the window curtain."

"How foolish, Mr. Giffhorn. That was only ma trying on her new automobile cap."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

KNEW HIS MAN.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Why did n't you print Scribbler's remarkable article about a crazy millionaire scattering money along the streets?

CITY EDITOR.—It's a fake. If it had been true, we would n't have had the article.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Why not?

CITY EDITOR.—Scribbler would have been following him yet.—*New York Weekly.*

PUCK



I.
When Hans an autumn picnic planned,
His chums he harnessed four-in-hand.



II.
At noon they did not seek a stable,
But made their coach a dining table.



III.
Said Dackel: "Such good board I get,
The best board here I'll fetch, you bet!"



IV.
"It's hard to pull—but there! It's out—
A table leaf both smooth and stout."



V.
In ecstasy his prize he brought.
"How strange their welcome!" was his thought.



VI.
Then: "Horrors! How that pig devours!
I took his board—now he takes ours."

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 10.

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